

## The Sultan and Our Missionaries.

The Porte has demanded the recall of two American missionaries from the province of Aleppo, on the pretext that their mission is likely to cause disturbances. "The sick man of Europe," is feeble. As a bright contrast to his obstinacy and stupidity, the people of America are acknowledging far and wide the beneficence of the mission of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, namely, to relieve and prevent malaria, rheumatism and kidney complaint, chronic dyspepsia, constipation and liver trouble. The nervous, the weak and the infirm derive unspeakable benefit from its use, and it greatly mitigates the weakness and infirmities which are specially incident to advancing years.

## The Old Man Knew Him.

An old Georgia negro, hearing that his former master had decided to enlist in the Cuban Army, said to him: "Marse Tom, doan you do no sich fool thing ez dat—doan you do it?" "Why shouldn't I?" "Kase, Marse Tom—and here the old man lowered his voice—you's got a touch er de rheumatism, en you can't run ez you run endur'g er de war!"

## A. T. & S. F. Time Card.

Under the new schedule in effect December 13, first train leaves Santa Fe at 3:55 p. m., connecting at Lamy with train No. 1 at 4:15 p. m. No. 1 carries local passengers between Lamy and Albuquerque, and west of Albuquerque to California, this train also connects at Lamy with train No. 17, and carries passengers for Albuquerque and points south, connection is also made on this run with the Chicago Limited eastbound on Wednesday and Saturday, this train arrives at Santa Fe at 7 p. m. Eastbound first train will leave Santa Fe at 9:40 p. m., returning arrive at Santa Fe at 11:45 p. m.; this train carries local passengers between El Paso and La Junta and has through sleepers to Kansas City; second train leaves Santa Fe at 12:15 a. m., this is a through train from California, and has through chair car and Pullman for Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo; No. 3 westbound California Limited leaves Santa Fe on Mondays and Fridays at 8:50 a. m.; returning arrive at Santa Fe at 10:40; the Chicago and California Limited trains will only run twice a week each way until further notice.

## Got There First.

"My wife made an awful fuss last night because I was out late." "Why, it wasn't unusual, was it?" "Oh, no. But she happened to be in when I got home."

## TREATMENT FOR WEAK MEN.

TRIAL WITHOUT EXPENSE. The famous Appliance and Remedies of the Erie Medical Co. now for the first time offered on trial without expense to the honest man. Not a dollar to be paid in advance. Cure Effects of Errors or Excesses in Youth, Manhood, Fully Restored. Cure to Wasting and Strenuous Work, Undeveloped Portions of Body, Absolutely Unfailing Home Treatment. No C. O. D. or other scheme. A plain offer by a firm of high standing. **ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.**

## RIO GRANDE & SANTA FE

## DENVER & RIO GRANDE R. R.

The Meekie Route of the World. Time Table No. 40.

EAST BOUND	WEST BOUND
No. 40.	No. 41.
12:30 p. m. ... Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. ... 6:35 p. m.	12:30 p. m. ... Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. ... 6:35 p. m.
12:35 p. m. ... Lv. Espanola, Ar. ... 6:40 p. m.	12:35 p. m. ... Lv. Espanola, Ar. ... 6:40 p. m.
12:40 p. m. ... Lv. Embudo, Ar. ... 6:45 p. m.	12:40 p. m. ... Lv. Embudo, Ar. ... 6:45 p. m.
12:45 p. m. ... Lv. Barranca, Ar. ... 6:50 p. m.	12:45 p. m. ... Lv. Barranca, Ar. ... 6:50 p. m.
12:50 p. m. ... Lv. Las Alamos, Ar. ... 6:55 p. m.	12:50 p. m. ... Lv. Las Alamos, Ar. ... 6:55 p. m.
12:55 p. m. ... Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. ... 7:00 p. m.	12:55 p. m. ... Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. ... 7:00 p. m.
1:00 p. m. ... Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. ... 7:05 p. m.	1:00 p. m. ... Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. ... 7:05 p. m.
1:05 p. m. ... Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. ... 7:10 p. m.	1:05 p. m. ... Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. ... 7:10 p. m.
1:10 p. m. ... Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. ... 7:15 p. m.	1:10 p. m. ... Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. ... 7:15 p. m.
1:15 p. m. ... Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. ... 7:20 p. m.	1:15 p. m. ... Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. ... 7:20 p. m.
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1:55 p. m. ... Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. ... 8:00 p. m.	1:55 p. m. ... Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. ... 8:00 p. m.
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3:55 p. m. ... Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. ... 10:00 p. m.	3:55 p. m. ... Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. ... 10:00 p. m.

Connections with the main line and branches as follows: At Antonio to Durango, Silverton and all points in the San Juan country. At Alamosa for Jimtown, Creede, Del Norte, Monte Vista and all points in the San Luis valley.

At Salida with main line for all points east and west, including Leadville. At Florence with E. & C. C. R. R. for the gold camps of Cripple Creek and Victor.

At Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver with all Missouri river lines for all points east. Through passengers from Santa Fe will have reserved berths in sleeper from Alamosa if desired.

For further information address the undersigned.

T. J. HELM, General Agent, Santa Fe, N. M.  
S. K. HOOPER, A. P. A., Denver, Colo.

## Home-seekers' Excursion.

The Santa Fe Route has arranged for a series of home-seekers' excursions, and tickets will be on sale from all points in Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska, to all points in New Mexico, Arizona and Texas. Dates of sale: January 18, February 1 and 15, March 1 and 15, April 5 and 19, tickets good for return passage, 21 days from date of issue. The rates will be on a par with the round trip, plus \$2. For further information regarding these low rates call on or address any agent of the Santa Fe Route.

H. S. LUTZ, Agent, Santa Fe, N. M.  
G. P. A., Topeka, Kas.

## Burlington Route

## New from end to end---

the Burlington's Vestibule Flyer. New chair cars. New smoking cars. New dining cars. New sleepers. Steel platforms. Wide vestibules. Pintch gas. Leaves Denver 9:50 p. m. Arrives Omaha 4: next afternoon; Chicago, 8:30 following morning. Equally fast time—equally good service to Kansas City and St. Louis.  
G. W. VALLEY, Gen'l Agt., 1039 17th St., Denver.

## APLOAT.

Beneath a tender morning sky  
Long sweeps of placid water lie  
And fair, green meadows that unfold  
Rich brooklets of blue and gold,  
Where buttercup and violet  
Lift their sweet heads, all dew wet,  
And soft, deep grasses gently wave  
Their shadows in the glassy wave.

Adrift upon the sunny tide,  
With idle oar at rest, I glide,  
Fanned by some balmy gale that sighs  
Through the far gates of paradise,  
By fields that smile, by woods that lift  
Their foreheads to the dawn, I drift  
And weave into my waking dream  
The glories of the sky and stream.

Cool shadows drop from arching boughs;  
Cool waters murmur at the prow;  
Great lilies round me swim.  
I float through spaces still and dim.  
Past little isles of reed and sedge,  
Past bowery knolls of scented thorn,  
Thick blossomed by the water's edge  
And blushing like the conscious morn,  
Fast quiet homes that nestle low  
Among the pleasant folds, I go,  
Far as the wandering waters stray  
My happy fancies drift today,  
And aimless as the idle wind  
I leave the cares of life behind.  
—Emma Alice Browne in New York Ledger.

## A HONEYMOON.

"It is very unfortunate. I really don't know how it can have happened. Nos. 30 and 32 are both engaged. If you would step into the drawing room a moment, I will inquire."

The manager of the Cinque Ports hotel rubbed his hands together and smiled ingratiatingly at the couple before him—Mr. Thompson, stout, prosperous and middle aged; Anne, slender, blond and lovely, with "bride" written large all over her attire, from the picture hat, the fawn traveling cloak lined with white satin and the watch bracelet in turquoise down to her patent leather shoes.

"Will you go up stairs and wait, my dear?" he said, turning to her.

"Oh, no. This will do," she said indifferently, and pushing open the door of the writing room she walked in.

Away from her husband's eyes she drew her breath again. Her gray eyes had the look of a child, rudely awakened; she clasped her hands together with a gesture of nervous dread. A man, the solitary occupant of the room, turned his head at the soft rustle of her silk lined skirts, and as their eyes met both uttered a cry:

"Anne! My God, is it you? I'm not too late! Say 'I'm not'!" he cried.

"I was married this morning. We—we are on our honeymoon. But what has that to do with you?" said she, almost fiercely.

"You—you broke off our engagement. I would have been true to you in spite of every one."

"Then there has been foul play! I was sure of it. Look, Anne, I had such faith in you that when there was no answer to my letters I knew they must be tampering with you. And then came the news of your engagement—my sister wrote to me; she always was jealous of you—and I got leave somehow. It was the colored man, managed it for me, and I have traveled day and night to be in time. I left the boat at Marseilles, and I came straight on here through Paris. I haven't eaten or slept since, and I meet you here married."

"How close to her now, his handsome, sunburned face flushed and quivering, his strong hands clinched in a masculine impatience of suffering."

Anne shrank away from him, white and trembling. She could hear her husband's voice speaking to a waiter outside.

"Anne, have you any word for me? Tell me why you have done this hideous thing. Was it his money?" he demanded.

"His money? No, no! I never heard from you. I was so lonely and miserable, she faltered. "Oh, Charlie, Charlie! What shall we do?"

She held out her hands to him with a little gesture of appeal, but he did not take them. He was beginning to see that it had been better for them both if they had never met again. What could he do but harm to Mr. Thompson's wife?

"I don't know—God help us!" he said brokenly. "To meet you like this! Is he—does your husband?"

The door swung open. Mr. Thompson was entering.

"Oh, yes, that will do quite as well!" said Mr. Thompson, coming briskly in and speaking over his shoulder to a waiter.

"Anne, my dear, it is all right now. We have three rooms on the first floor. They are taking up our things. Why, my dear, what is the matter?"

"I have made a mistake," said Anne, hardly knowing what she said. "This—this is Charlie Dacre."

Mr. Thompson had heard a sketchy outline of his wife's previous love affair from Mrs. Carruthers. "Boy and girl affair," "Mere fancy." "Quite unworthy young man." The phrases seemed to ring in his brain now. A dull flush rose slowly to his face. He laid his hand on Anne's arm.

"I have heard of Mr. Dacre," he said coldly. "I think you had better come with me."

"You have stolen her from me, you know best yourself by what means," said the younger man savagely.

The situation was insupportable. A primitive emotion was out of place in the commonplace room, with its writing tables littered with Bradshaws, directories and hotel stationery.

"I gained my wife by no means of which I need be ashamed," said Mr. Thompson, with a certain quiet dignity.

"But it was all a mistake. He wrote, only I never had his letters. He was coming back to me," said Anne helplessly.

"I don't understand. Perhaps I am dense. You mean to say you only married me believing Mr. Dacre was false?" began the older man confusedly. The door swung again. A busy commercial traveler bustled in, bag in hand, drew a chair noisily up to a table and began to write.

Mr. Thompson beckoned imperatively to Anne. "Come! I must speak to you," he said sharply. He held the door for her, and she obeyed him mechanically, leaving her lover standing by the mantelpiece, powerless to stop her.

Mr. Thompson led the way up the first flight of stairs, a waiter threw open a door, and Anne found herself alone with her husband.

"Now perhaps you will explain. This man, what is he doing here? By what right does he address you?" he said. There was a note of sharpness in his voice.

"He did not know I should be here. He was coming home from India to stop my marrying you. He thought he would be in time," said Anne, almost in the voice of a child.

"But he is too late! You are my wife now. No one can take you from me." The remembrance of the handsome young face below moved him to a touch of brutality.

"But I can't live with you now! Don't

you see? I can't, oh, I can't!" cried Anne.

"You are my wife. You are bound to live with me. You thought it possible half an hour ago. Nothing has changed since then."

"But I didn't know then! I thought he had left off caring for me. My mother knew. It was she who made me marry you," panted Anne, all her delicate color had faded; even her lips were white; her eyes were full of terror.

"Oh, won't you be kind to me and let me go?"

"No, no! I will never see him again if you will only let me go!"

"But don't you know I love you? Yes, as dearly as you love that man down stairs. Haven't you a little pity for me?"

Anne looked at him dully. His round, florid face had not paled. He looked as prosperous as ever. Love her? Love was young and strong and comely, with accent and looks and melting tones. Her heart could not recognize him under this guise.

"I am sorry. It is not my fault. We have loved each other so long. Oh, if you will be kind and let me go!"

She came up close to him in her earnestness. Her hat had fallen off; he could see the little tendrils of hair curling round her tiny ears; the depth of her eyes darkened by coming tears.

"You ask too much," he said, with sudden anger. "I love you; you are my wife and very beautiful."

He had both her hands in his now and was drawing her nearer. Anne did not speak, only looked at him with a white face of terrified repulsion. He could see the pulse in her throat beating furiously.

"You would not be the first wife who has lived down a fancy for another man and has been happy with her husband," he said slowly, and then the girl broke down into a storm of wild, hysterical weeping, cowering away from him with bent head.

"My poor child! My dear little girl! You are quite overdone!" she heard his voice saying in quite a changed tone. "Come and sit down and let us think what is for the best."

She suffered him to lead her to a couch and sat down, burying her head in the pillows.

Mr. Thompson was not accustomed to women, and her long drawn sobs and the piteous heave of her shoulders went to his very heart.

"You ask me to let you go, Anne. But what would you do then? Would you go to your mother?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"I thought not. And, as you bear my name, in common fairness to myself I could not let you go alone into the world."

She said something incoherent between her sobs of wishing she were dead.

"For God's sake, don't do that! Deal me as an enemy," he said bitterly. "Listen! You must share my home; there is no help for that. But in all other respects I will leave you utterly free. Only I ask you, for your own sake, not to see that man again."

Through her own distress the sense of his generosity reached Anne's soul.

"You are very kind to me," she said faintly.

"I will think it out. I will see whether I can think of anything better. But you must give me time," he said. "I will let you know tomorrow. Perhaps you would like to go to your mother now. The waiter might be coming up with the dinner."

Anne complied, thankful to be alone, and sent word by the maid that she did not want any dinner. So the bridegroom dined alone under the watchful eye of the waiter, who formed his own conclusions on the situation.

Anne was lying on her bed, worn out with the emotions of the day, when about 9 o'clock she heard a rap at the door and her husband's voice asking if he might speak to her.

She got up and went to him, looking at him with eyes full of apprehension.

"I am going out for a stroll and smoke, and I thought I would just come to see how you were."

"Oh, I am better, thank you," said Anne quickly.

He paused, looking at her with an expression she could not interpret. Stout, bald, a bald head and a florid complexion cut one off from much comprehension by one's fellows.

"Well, good night, then," he said awkwardly.

"Good night," said Anne.

He held out his hand, and she laid hers in it. He could feel the nervous twitch in the slender fingers.

"I am going to think it over, you know. Good night," he said once again and turned away.

He lighted a cigar, and strolling along the cliffs proceeded to think it over.

What conclusion he came to can never be certainly known, but the next day the following paragraph appeared in an evening paper:

"Fatal Accident to a Bridegroom.—A most lamentable occurrence took place at Dover last night. Mr. Richard Thompson, senior partner in the well known firm of Thompson, Goodrich & Co., who had just started on his wedding trip, was found lying dead at the bottom of the cliffs. It is supposed that the unfortunate gentleman missed his footing in the darkness. His body was discovered by some fishermen and was easily identified by the papers in his pockets."

It was nearly a year later before his bride widow married Charlie Dacre. His voice and looks, when he had bidden her farewell at the door of her room, haunted her. It was absurd to suppose that a well-to-do British merchant could carry love to such a height as to lay down his life to make a woman who did not love him happy, and yet—no, she dared not let herself believe it. Such a love would have demanded a lifelong fidelity to his mere memory.

So she married the man she loved, with whom she was happy enough. But the memory of her honeymoon never quite faded from her mind.—Madame.

The Gothic Is Out of Date.

There is a strong feeling in the ranks of the younger and more progressive American architects that the one retarding influence in our church architecture is the persistent effort to retain the Gothic style as the only churching form. To these men a slavish copying of old forms is a movement at variance with all progress. If the principles of construction of medieval churches is to be retained as being adapted in many instances to church buildings and as having for it the force of tradition, association of ideas and sentiment, why slavishly reproduce the grotesques and the mystic symbolism which meant a great deal to both workmen and worshiper in the middle ages, but are not now significant to either and, lacking any vitalizing inspiration, cannot be successfully executed. The conditions that made Gothic architecture beautiful and a sincere expression of the men who developed it have changed and cannot be brought to life again.—William B. Sigel in Scribner's.

Its Claim to Fame.

"Australia's my home."

"Australia! Australia! Oh, yes, that's where the balloons come from."—New York Journal.

Shining.

"And angels shining garments wear." They sang. With joyful tears The domine thought of the good black coat He had worn these eighteen years.—Detroit Journal.

Brief.

"I took lunch with Cholly to-day" and he ordered nothing but calf's brains. "The cannibal!"



THE NEW WAITER.  
And How He Opened His First Bottle of Champagne.

There are three periods in all life—the time of the bud, the flower and of the perfect fruit. It is thus that girlhood emerges into womanhood and womanhood into motherhood. Almost all of the ills from which women suffer have their inception in weakness and disease of the feminine organism, which bears the burdens of wifehood and motherhood. These disorders usually begin with puberty, childhood or with the "turn of life." Thousands of women suffer silently for years in this way, rather than undergo the examinations and local treatment insisted upon by the majority of physicians. This is unnecessary.

An eminent and skillful specialist, Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., long since discovered a wonderful medicine that will cure all troubles of this nature in the privacy of the home. This medicine is known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs that make wifehood and motherhood possible. It makes them strong, healthy and vigorous. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and tones up the nerves. It banishes the indisposition of the period of impending maternity, and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It transforms weak, sickly, nervous invalids into happy, healthy wives and mothers. All good medicine dealers sell it, and no honest dealer will urge a substitute upon you.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.

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